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Sinner's Fate



fantasy

sinner's

demons

97 0 1

Chapter 1 by Rinalee

Mockery a lot of people needing to better their own self-esteem by putting others down. Women giving into urges of material existence caked with judgement on appearance; unjustifiable anger released with countless moments of abuse. I could keep rattling off about the dirt of this godforsaken place but everyone has something in common... Sin. There's a reason why they're considered deadly, and to bring a literal sense to the phrase, I make sure that worst of them answer for it... With their lives.

Life wasn't a piece of cake for me from the beginning, everyday was disgusting failure repeated simultaneously with only short breaks every so often. It was in those moments I clung to the solace and quietness of my existence that had been so generously given. He may not of realized, but surely I grasped the situation tightly by the tail. It was in these moments I could plot my revenge and hope some wild card would ride itself into view and save me from this wretched life.

I couldn't help but scoff leaning forward in my chair only to let my elbows rest upon my knees and clasp my hands together. Letting my gaze shift up that small grin having scratched itself

upon my face quickly subsided. "I guess I should start with my name..." Leaning back into the chair only to let a calm wash over me. "I'm Sam Vinner... but you may know me as Sam Vinner."

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I knew everyone could see it when they were around an appraisal at how well I wore the arrogance. Many believed it was the center of my core, the main trait to define me as a human and what no one realized behind my face of sinly beauty was... It was all just a mask. A fear of being able to let people too close, or even into my life because who knew when the Devil's song would play and I would have to spring into action.

If there was anyone who pulled me away from the scene and stripped me bare in the beginning it had been her. Oh, how beautiful she was not just to the eye of the beholder, but inside too. Each time she was around I questioned myself and at times felt like I had been pulled from the water. My life has been nothing but drowning to servitude, beckoning to a call many were ignorant existed. The last thing I needed to happen was for my saving grace to become another victim screaming in the back of my foggy head, filled to the brim with a drunken fervor.

"Let me start from the beginning of my hunts, then you'll understand why knowing me... would be a mistake," shifting slight in the chair I scavenged a cigarette from my jeans, letting the flame of the lighter lick at the end. Once the embers glowed brightly and smoke freely swirling from my lips did I compose my demeanor to handle the memories.

"You see, on that day I made a deal with the devil out of rage and stupidity. I delved from one monster into the next, the only difference... I had the freedom to roam and live my life... But with a cost," I couldn't help but look to the side, taking a long drag of the cancer stick; everything about who I am is a sticky situation and takes careful thought to encore to others.

"That cost...was my soul. I, in his eyes was a treasure, a jewel discarded in the dust and oh, how he needed to make me a part of his collection. He entrusts this hunger within me that if I were to ignore, the torturous endeavors he had planned were much worse than what I did." It didn't take long for me to finish off what I was smoking and begin another to add to the pile. This seat had become uncomfortable and out of nervous habit I bounded up pacing the room; tucking some loose strands of my colorful locks behind my ear I could hear her breaths crackling with sobs behind in her chest. The fear oozing from her was almost delightful to me, but I couldn't

understand why I had chosen this woman to pour my secrets out to. Was it because she looked just like her?

Scoffing heavily at the pain I wish I could feel, the woman I continued on my rant "I came from just an... how easily I could tempt someone into my play... I could smell their faults, their disgusting sins like week old garbage in a trash can"

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My eyes wandered over to the figure restrained to the chair I had brought here days before after stalking this particular victim that I would have squirming beneath my fingers; It had been a while since I had 'played' with my food but all of it was worth it. I rested one hand on the back of the chair and used my free hand to grasp the poor girl's chin, " Just like I can smell yours.... You pranced around everyday as though you'd done nothing, that you hadn't tainted the world with your vile mistakes. You make me sick... In more ways than one...." Pushing myself roughly away from her the look that swam through her eyes suddenly had my blood rushing, and a twisted grin pulling at the corners of my lips.

"He saw everything in me, that he made me to be... unlike some I have no way of being saved or being pulled back from how far I've fallen it's but a mere dream... A dream that'll never come true," She had been so close to attempting that, and I had let her come so close but he wouldn't have it. He wouldn't have his precious gem ripped clean from his grasp in such a manner, at least not that easily. It was soon after I learned I couldn't trust anyone, just like everyone else she abandoned me without a second thought. He had been the only one to show me love, no matter how cruel it was I could at least tell.

I was quickly growing irritated by her weakness, how she wore it on her shoulders like a target, " Pathetic...." Everything seemed to slow, some would compare it to the moments just before you die and for her it was. It was mere seconds before I could feel the soft skin beneath my fingertip as I tilted her chin up, her cheeks were stained with streaks of red from the tears that had been barreling down the flushed skin. Those bright orbs red and puffy from the emotional roller coaster I'd put her through, " I can see by your face you wish for relief, you wish for the end to come. Confess your sins and I shall bring you relief...."

"But I haven't..." She began to screech in terror when my hand tightly grasped her jaw.

"Don't lie! It's not pretty!" I wouldn't let her plead for something I knew so well, her sins were clearly written out before me. It was clear she wasn't going to confess, " For your futile efforts, and inability to realize what crimes of humanity you have committed I shall bring you to a simple

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home in hell with my master. To satisfy my hunger I took the next couple minutes to devour the heart still warm and drenched with blood from the body.

Once it was gone I would stare at the sight before me with horror, the monster I became when under this spell was always an unsightly greeting to what reality had become. Cleaning her messy face in the sink along with her hands before leaving the corpse to rot until found. If anything, I was most disgusted with myself than with others. This was my life, and he praised me for the brutal job I performed, the mercy I refused to show my crying victims. Just like then he would do the same now, greet me with that vicious grin amused with my performance, pat the spot next to him for me to sit and pet my head like a pet who'd done the correct movement. Thankfully, I'd have my whole work shift to recompose myself before seeing him, I was less likely to break before him with a clear head.

I would stand behind this counter enjoying any drinks I wanted while I mixed others theirs with a show. Many came to this bar just for her drinks, the perfect mixes of liquor to quench their thirst and leave them only begging for more. It was the same as everyday though, the same customers trying to start fights, yelling drunkenly in their stupor and hitting on the bartender for either a date, sex, or free drinks. On nights when I'd tasted fresh blood I was less likely to put up with their ignorance: All I had to do was pull them in for a second then let them feel the fire of my gaze the dark aura that would leak from me for a split second... that was all it took to get them to back down. It was almost ironic that I hunted at bars, and yet, worked at one myself.

For the most part the night stayed uneventful, and before having to face a different world I would head out to have drinks made for me by someone else and little did I know it would change everything. I had gone into the bar across the street, taking a seat mid-bar, back to the crowd and tapped the counter as she noticed the bartender before her, "I'd like a glass of Spirytus Polish Vodka, not a shot..... a glass." It was at this point her eyes looked up to meet the man's face who had decided to serve her and it nearly froze her in her seat. It had been some time before a man could stop her breath before it could form, and he ... she could feel it the amount of Sin that boiled off of him nearly had her squirming out of her skin. Turning a corner of her lips up, the man stood before her different from the norm and the way he composed himself

almost caused her to lick her lips in the state of the tantalizing sight.

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There was a fluctuation in a heartbeat from the man as he sat on the bar stool, wrapping my fingers around the sleek glass. The man's eyes were on her, and she was one thing I could be guilty of was liking my drinks cold, the ice cubes fighting to be at the top of the liquid and others

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drowning under the mass of the ones above. Downing half of the glass the drink burned the back of my throat, in a good way at least; my eyes lit up reeling in the figure who swung silently back and forth between customers. I didn't have to stare, or glance at the man to know he was constantly glancing hoping he would catch my gaze, but that was too easy, I liked to torment them and give them a chase. The begging was something I adored, when I chose my targets it was a game.

The boisterous men crying with anger in the back of the bar had nearly cleared out only a handful remained mustering small conversation between the drunken gurgles of desperation to not pass out. I on the other hand had been through enough of this Vodka to have subdued the lot hours ago. Just the thought caused me to give the slightest chuckle, I lived drowning in the alcohol enough to make everything dull but it no longer effected me to where I stumbled around drunk, slurred my words to where people couldn't understand, nor did I have a cloudy dis-cognitive mind.

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